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A MEMORIAL
TO
HENRY CODMAN POTTER
1834-1908



Class BX5995

Book .P7 N4

PRESENTED BY

Memorial to
Henry Codman Potter



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Henry Codman Potter
Seventh Bishop of New York

Memorial

TO

HENRY CODMAN POTTER

BY

The People's Institute

New York

COOPER UNION

Sunday

December Twentieth

MCMVIII

New York

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P7N4

Gift

Author

15 S '09



Order of Exercises

OVERTURE, "*Tannhauser*" Wagner

ORCHESTRA

OPENING ADDRESS,

PROF. CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH

HYMN, "*O God our Help in Ages Past.*"

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

ADDRESS, "*Bishop Potter, the Man*,"

THE REV. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS . Richard Henry Warren
The Musical Setting Inscribed to Bishop Potter
in 1889.

SOLOISTS: CHORUS: ORCHESTRA

ADDRESS, "*The Liberalism of Bishop Potter*,"

RABBI JOSEPH SILVERMAN

JUBILATE AMEN Max Bruch

SOPRANO SOLO: CHORUS: ORCHESTRA

POEM, "*The Warrior Priest*,"

MR. RICHARD WATSON GILDER

ADDRESS, "*Bishop Potter and Organized Labor*,"

MR. JOHN MITCHELL

AT THE HERO'S GRAVE, Opus 85. Anton Dvorak

ORCHESTRA

ORDER OF EXERCISES

ADDRESS, "*Bishop Potter and the Public*,"

THE HON. SETH LOW

THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS, from "The Messiah"

Handel

CHORUS: ORCHESTRA

ADDRESS, "*Bishop Potter and the Negro*,"

MR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

CHORALE, "*Now Thank We All Our God*,"

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hand and voices!
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love;
And still is ours to-day.

Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

FIFTH SYMPHONY, "*Last Movement*," . Beethoven

ORCHESTRA

The music was rendered by the Choir of the Church of the Ascension, augmented to fifty voices, and an orchestra of forty musicians, under the direction of Richard Henry Warren.

Biographical
Notice

Biographical Notice

HENRY CODMAN POTTER was born at Schenectady, New York, on May 25, 1834. His father, the Reverend Alonzo Potter, was a professor in Union College, in that town, and his mother was Maria Nott, daughter of the Reverend Doctor Eliphalet Nott, president of the college. In 1845 his father became Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania.

Henry Codman Potter was one of a large family of children. The limited means of his father, who had only his salary, made it necessary for each of the sons early in life to determine upon his future vocation. After attending the Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia, Henry Codman Potter found employment at the age of sixteen in a

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wholesale dry-goods house in that city. But the call to the service of the ministry was stronger than the attraction of business; and he therefore entered the theological seminary at Alexandria, in Virginia, where one of his classmates, then and forever after his beloved and intimate friend, was Phillips Brooks. After graduation from the seminary, he was ordained to the priesthood in 1858. His first parish was at Greensburg, in Pennsylvania, where he remained until 1859. In that year he was called to the rectorship of St. John's Church at Troy, New York, and continued there until 1866, when he became assistant minister of Trinity Church in Boston. In 1868 he became rector of Grace Church in the city of New York, and from that time until his death on July 21, 1908, he was a resident of this city. In 1883 he was elected Assistant Bishop of New York, and later, upon the death of his uncle, Horatio Potter, in 1887, Bishop of New York.

His voice and influence in the councils of the Church were always on the side of liberality and progress. His broad-minded

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and friendly sentiments toward other religious bodies and his desire for the recognition of a common brotherhood and a common cause with them were controlling factors in his life and efforts. But as a great citizen, even more than as a great bishop, Bishop Potter won the confidence and the esteem of the people of this city and of the country at large. His active participation in movements for good city government and for better political and social conditions, and his brave words often spoken upon such subjects, helped to establish principles which for a long time had few supporters, but which now are recognized as sound and true. No consideration of whom he might displease ever caused him to hesitate to take the part or to espouse the cause which he deemed to be right.

The work which he did lives after him, not only in what he accomplished in his lifetime, but also in the memory of his courage and his wisdom and his love for his fellow-men.

The
Addresses

Prof. Charles Sprague Smith

SOME years ago, at a dinner to President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, given, if I err not, at a time when he was on his way to Porto Rico, the presiding officer of the evening, Ernest H. Crosby, introduced Bishop Potter as the People's Bishop and added that, whatever the creed of those present, none would dispute his rightful claim to that title. To honor him as the People's Bishop we gather here to-night. In Ernest Crosby's mind in choosing the phrase, "the People's Bishop" there was, I conceive, a certain limitation. He used the term in the sense in which we ordinarily employ it here, one rich in content, full of inspiration, but referring exclusively to that section of the people commonly denomi-

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nated "the wage-earners." I would speak to-night of Bishop Potter not merely as the People's Bishop in the restricted sense, but in a larger sense, for he was born to the world of culture, lived in that world, was an aristocrat in the true meaning of that word. That he passed from that circle forth into the circle of the wage-earners and became a democrat without ceasing to be an aristocrat is to his credit and gave a largeness to his nature, an opportunity to his powers which he could not have known had he ceased to be member of the world of culture on becoming comrade and brother of the workingman. For, in the world of books, in the world of association with all that culture brings, there is much to be learned, much to be won in outlook, in insight, in refinement of nature. Through the cultivation of letters one develops a sense of beauty and proportion, one learns to appreciate values; material things hold not the same place in one's judgment that they would otherwise have held. Through the study of history one gains a larger, more exact conception of the forces which con-

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trol in human development and acquires a greater patience in attending upon the slow processes of evolution. These and other teachings of the world of culture, with their influence upon his mind and life, he could convey to the world of the wage-earner and, similarly, in returning from that world, he could and did bring back what he had learned in fellowship with the workers, that immediate intuition into history in the making, that perception, so keen, so personal, of justice and injustice, and could make his privileged associates hear the cry of the oppressed; make them know, through the intimacy of his own personal contact there-with the great movement that is going forward for a righteous reorganization of human society. So this man, who was urbane in the world of culture, witty with the witty, and at the same time trusted comrade of the workingman, in the large sense of the word became the People's Bishop.

I asked a member of his family to indicate to me the dominant note in his nature, in order that I might give it to you in turn. I was told that the dominant note was his

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sense of human brotherhood, that wherever he went and with whomsoever he associated, he reached out in sympathy and comradeship a brother's hand. It might be in the world of culture with men of letters; it might be with workingmen, with the conductor who met him on the train; with the laboring man by the roadside; with laboring man and conductor who had long hours of labor he could sympathize, because his own hours of labor were also long. That dominant sense of human brotherhood, that desire and readiness to be brother of all men, make it especially fitting that his memory should be honored by us here to-night in The People's Institute, because the note that we try to strike dominantly here is the note of human brotherhood. That is the tenet upon which we all agree, differ as we may in our religious and social convictions—a steadfast faith in, and recognition of human brotherhood as *the* fundamental social truth.

I want to add a personal testimonial. When I came to New York, some twenty-eight years ago, my first ambitions were

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kindled in connection with the institution with which I was then associated, Columbia University. I wanted to help make it great and powerful, representative of the imperial city where it was located, and in that ambition and endeavor I turned to one and another for counsel and aid. Then first I came into touch with Dr. Potter. He was not then Bishop, but Rector of Grace Church, and from that time forth, whenever I endeavored to do anything that seemed to me for the common weal, I turned to him and always found in him advice and encouragement. Those of you who were present last spring will recall that it is only a few months since he stood upon this platform and delivered to an audience not as large as this, but filling well the hall, an audience composed especially of young men, the first voter's oath, pronouncing to them the oath and they repeating it after him, pledging themselves to be loyal to America, loyal to their highest selves. So it is not merely a personal testimonial that I would bear to him, but also one in the name of all who during Bishop Potter's lifetime sought,

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each in his own way, to work for an ideal
that had within it the communal betterment
and turned not in vain to him for support.

We have gathered here a number of times
to do honor to the memory of distinguished
New York citizens, those whom we have
esteemed eminent. Our first gathering of
this kind was in honor of Henry George,
the printer, the tribune of the people; the
man who, pondering long over the problem
of human injustice and suffering, believed
he had solved it in proclaiming the doctrine
of the single tax. Whether we agree with
him or not, we all recognize that Henry
George's heart and mind were loyal always
to the cause of the people, and we honored
ourselves in honoring him. Thereafter we
held a memorial service to his friend and
comrade, his brother in labor, Father
McGlynn. Dear Father McGlynn! If
Bishop Potter was the People's Bishop,
Father McGlynn was the People's Priest.
As long as he lived he used to come at inter-
vals to this platform, give us his blessing
and receive our applauding welcome. Af-
ter Father McGlynn we held services me-

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memorial to him who founded this hall, a New York workingman, giving it to New York workingmen, and leaving in his testament the injunction that whatever else was neglected in this building, the orderly study of those sciences which qualify for true democratic citizenship should never be neglected. Because The People's Institute undertook this work in the spirit of Peter Cooper, we deemed it fitting that we should honor his memory; and thereafter William H. Baldwin, a Trustee of The People's Institute, dying suddenly in the midst of a most promising, efficient career, received from us a memorial service; so, too, Ernest H. Crosby, born to comfort, surrounded by luxury, consecrated with passion to the cause of the workers. Now to this list we add the name of Henry Codman Potter. I want to place for a moment the name of William H. Baldwin over against that of Bishop Potter. Baldwin fell a young, strong man, with lifework unachieved, and there must always blend in the memory of him the note of sorrow, of regret for an unfinished task, the life so full of splendid springtime prom-

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ise untimely ended; but when we think of Bishop Potter, who, in a long, well-rounded life, realized his highest self, and achieved so much, there should not abide in our thought of him, or sound in our service for him at all dirge of defeat, but rather pæan of victory. These whom I have recalled and many others whom I might name, a multitude, too, nameless, uninspired by public recognition, are fellow-toilers striving together in order that the new day dawn. They are, as it were, blazing a trail up the mountain of the present, up to its very summit, whence we are to look over into the promised land, blazing a trail which shall yet become a broad highway over which the nations will pass. Beyond lies that land which we often see when we gather together here — behold in vision, and it is not a mere dream, the mirage of an overheated imagination; rather is it a clear vision seen by the presaging intellect that has placed social phenomenon beside social phenomenon, collating them, comparing them, and behind these phenomena discovered the principles whereof they are

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expressions, discerned the eternal social laws that are ever working to reconstruct human society. As we have followed the action of these laws, beyond, their goal is perceived, that new social order based on the recognition of human brotherhood. Therefore, my brothers, we are to-night honoring in this service one who was our brother, our comrade in labor, one of the leaders toward that new, higher social order that is to be.

We are to listen to a series of brief addresses presenting Bishop Potter from different sides, so that we may learn more about him and may draw inspiration from this larger knowledge of his character and personality. The first one who will speak to us, the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, will describe him as he knew him intimately as a man.

Rev. Percy Stickney Grant

WE honor the man behind the gun, but not him alone, for when we honor any position, dignity, or title, it is the man behind these we are really honoring. The best thing a man can give to us is himself, not something outside himself, even if his usefulness seems to be founded upon technical knowledge or upon power. The various stations and dignities which pedestal notable persons are merely convenient places, in the intention of the social organization that created them, for rallying in time of need around a man. For an appeal to a great man is not an appeal to his laurels, but to his wisdom and his love.

America has been fortunate and unfortunate in its ideal of a man. Freedom, liberty, and equality; self-dependence and fra-

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ternity have created the noblest of ideals. But independence has often degenerated into rowdyism, or into churlish disregard of social use, and so has degraded virility to uncouthness. However, the rowdy is no longer the hero of the city boys, nor the circus clown of the country boys. The type is passing except where an Uncle Somebody still rejoices in the old ideal, his lips stained with tobacco juice, his tongue polluted with coarse stories, such as old men tell boys in the haying field, around the cider jug, or behind the barn; his breast elated at infractions of polite rules, as if he had stormed a fort.

Manhood is particularly the test, in our time, of ecclesiastical office. When the Church was a state, ecclesiastical position carried with it power. But except where the Church still has temporal pretensions or is united organically to the state, the dignitaries themselves must be powerful individuals before they can be helped to much influence by the position.

A Protestant bishop must gain his influence less from place than from personality;

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for his place is surrounded by an atmosphere of such conservatism and trammelled by such routine that unless he be indeed greatly above the average he becomes smaller after his election to the Episcopate than he was before.

Dignity which comes from eminent position is something like a form in the arts—say of poetry or music—unless the one essaying it dominates it absolutely he loses and does not gain consideration.

The clergy are the friends of the workman. Twenty years ago Professor Ely in his book, "The Labor Problem in America," stated that more clergymen were sympathetically interested in the problems of workingmen than could be found in any other class or profession. No other group that I know of combines their disinterestedness with their wide and daily intercourse with the rich and the poor. The American clergy, too, unlike the clergy of some European countries, are an educated body. In many of our theological schools students are not admitted unless they are college graduates. In the diocese of New York an ap-

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plicant for ordination must have a college education or its equivalent before he is even allowed to study for the ministry. And after this elaborate education, lasting often till a man is twenty-six or twenty-eight years old, during which he has been at his own expense, he undertakes a career of no pecuniary attractiveness. The average Methodist minister is paid less than a mixer of mortar. The average Episcopal minister less than a carpenter. But they are satisfied to be useful and their pride is that they contribute to the community so much more than they consume, and their prayer is to be placed where they can do most good.

The American clergy are the Tribunes of the People with only the power of love and persuasion; who see with their hearts as well as their eyes and would soften the stoniness of heedless prosperity and would establish justice in brotherly bargaining.

Bishop Potter was a man and an American clergyman. He was a handsome man; to the end of his life attractive to look upon. He was careful of his appearance and al-

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ways dressed appropriately. He had a strong body. As a young man he was much given to swimming, for which his deep chest fitted him. He always loved horses and rode or drove one all his life. Once when he was rector at Troy, his uncle, the Bishop of New York, visited him, on his way to some out-of-town parish. Our Bishop Potter insisted on driving him. The horse was so young and skittish that the old Bishop was in terror of his life, and sharply informed his nephew that when he visited Troy again he would dispense with his unclerical services.

He had abundant wit which, however, he did not show against a background of coarseness. I was his daily companion for nearly six months, often on steamers, cars, or in hotels, sleeping in the same room with him. His refinement was without a flaw. He was the least imposed upon of clergymen, yet without suspicion or cynicism. He had not only power but polish, indeed, the more power like a sword, because of his polish. The best democrat is apt to be the best aristocrat, for unless a man is a lover

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of the best things I am not flattered by his willingness to fraternize with me. But to be treated as an equal by those who know and love the best is the final distinction in a democracy.

Bishop Potter, although a lover of the people, although accessible and plain in his habits, was not one who thought it democratic to be lacking in pride. It pleased him that some of his ancestors in England had been men of such probity in their craft—that of dyeing—that the saying True as Potter's blue, or true blue, sprang from their fast colors. It must have pleased him when Phillips Brooks called Bishop Potter's father, who was Bishop of Pennsylvania, the greatest and most real bishop he had ever known.

Another expression of his pride was perhaps seen in a maxim of his "Never explain." Pride, courage and reticence are compacted in this maxim. He never explained that the Subway Tavern was no child of his, but of a friend; that he did not say prayers there, or ask that the doxology be sung. He never explained that views he

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uttered before his convention which were thought to be in criticism of a respected clergyman at that time on trial for heresy were views he had held and expressed in print long before. And here came in another side of his pride. He held or fancied he held the creed in its literal interpretation. His nature was so simple on some sides and he had been so little influenced by the historical method which assigns relative and not absolute values to historical monument, that he could not understand that gradual decay of literalism which for the sake of continuity is willing for a transition period to use an old symbol. In this pride of straightforwardness he was at one with popular instinct, even if not with the actual habits of mankind in their relation to old institutions. So in reply to newspaper attack the Bishop never explained, but contented himself with the remark that he was never quite sure he was right until he woke up in the morning and found himself attacked by the *Sun*.

Bishop Potter learned from his father, not to contend about non-essentials. Con-

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sequently, he went straight to the heart of a subject and was broad enough to embrace in his sympathies the many ways in which, through temperament, race, condition, religion, men fight under different standards for the same thing.

Yet while he would not contend for non-essentials he was not averse to contend. He had the temperament of the champion of great causes, who is willing to give and to receive hard knocks.

The Bishop had a kind heart and was full of gratuitous kindnesses. On the steamer going to Asia, there were many forlorn women, going out to the Philippines to join their husbands. They were full of fears for the safety of their husbands who were in the army and at the front; full of uncertainty of how they were to live in the islands; they were heartsick, homesick, and seasick. I have seen the Bishop throw himself down in a steamer chair beside one of these bundles of despair and be as entertaining as if he were conversing with a prime minister, or should I say a president.

His kindness sometimes took the form of

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tact. He was fond of Archbishop Corrigan. I have seen these two meet upon the street and quite forget their business in pleasant chat. At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the General Conference of Organized Charities, celebrated at Carnegie Hall in this city, the Archbishop spoke first, then Bishop Potter. Although an Irishman the Archbishop did not orate, but spoke in so low a voice as scarcely to be heard. Bishop Potter fearing his friend was disappointed at the reception of his speech, which was practicably inaudible, began his own by repeating in his clear, penetrating voice his predecessor's point, then still further to lift his spirits he told this story.

"To-day one of my clergy had occasion to visit the kitchen of his rectory, where he found an altercation going on between his Irish cook and an Italian collector of refuse. The cook was not sparing the scavenger. The clergyman tried to interfere. 'Bridget,' he said, 'you ought not to speak that way to a poor man who is about his work.' 'I have a right to, your Reverence,' said

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Bridget. 'He comes to take away dirt and he leaves more dirt than he takes.' 'But,' continued the parson, 'don't you know that this man is an Italian, of the same race as the Pope; and that the Pope is infallible?' 'Ah,' retorted the cook, 'Italian is it! The Pope is an Italian and infallible. And sure if he were an Irishman he would be ten times as infallible as he is.' " Archbishop Corrigan beamed with pleasure and, perhaps, sympathy.

Bishop Potter loved the plain people. His residence one summer on the East Side, in the Pro-Cathedral on Stanton Street, was but a token of a constant interest. His representative, still living in that house, started an uprising against the municipal corruption contaminating the homes of the poor that drove the ruling party from power. Nor was that end contributed to more trenchantly than by Bishop Potter's letter to Mayor Van Wyck, which has no superior for polite invective in the English language. If he had not spent himself in so many directions for the public good he might have been living now. Even into his exercise—his

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daily horseback ride, which became more and more infrequent, he carried the burden of his work; for he said whatever problems he took into the saddle were solved when he dismounted.

But the burdens of the poor and unfortunate bore more and more heavily upon him. To his own observation his clergy appeared before him with them. Fancy the weight carried by a man in New York upon whom hundreds of clergymen place their own burden—the burden of their hearts and of their parishes. More and more he was called upon to arbitrate in contentions between employers and employees. He felt the honor and the responsibility of this position, and true as Potter blue were his decisions. He perceived the increasing gravity of the industrial problem and it oppressed him.

Late one winter afternoon, from a day spent with an arbitration board, he went to the house of a friend for a cup of tea. His face was ashen and he seemed depressed and exhausted. My friend asked him what had so wearied and agitated him. He ex-

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plained what he had been working at all
day and then exclaimed: "I am unhappy
because I see that I am not going to live
long enough to right the wrongs of the
people." Shortly after this he had a slight
stroke of apoplexy which withdrew him,
permanently, from his full activity.

The Chairman

THERE is a principle at work in the world which has been at work from the beginning, but of whose presence the world has not been hitherto as conscious as it is to-day. I refer to the principle of unity. Among the nations it is making war obsolete. In the churches it is breaking down gradually the walls of separation that divide church from church. Men are becoming conscious—all men, increasingly, of the truth that beneath religions is Religion, and that in ultimate analysis all consecrated men and women the world and history wide are children of a common Father. While they lived there were two men, comrades, tender friends, representatives of different faiths, who worked strongly for the recognition of this

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truth, Dr. Gustav Gottheil of Temple Emanu - El and Bishop Henry Codman Potter. As interpreter of the liberalism of Bishop Potter it seems fitting therefore that Rabbi Joseph Silverman, successor of Gustav Gottheil, should be with us to-night.

Rabbi Joseph Silverman

THE type of a man represented by Bishop Potter has already been described in the Scriptures in the Thirty-second Chapter and the Eighth Verse of the Book of Isaiah in these terms: "The liberal man deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he be established." That is the text, and Bishop Potter is the commentary. He was a whole-souled, broad-gauged man, not hemmed in by the narrow confines of a creed or the limitations of a ritual or the straits of Bible interpretation. He was a man before he was a churchman. He was a man, and whatever pertained to man could not be foreign to him. He had convictions of his own and everyone knew where he stood on matters of theology, but he was broad-minded

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enough to know and to recognize that the religious liberty which gave him the right to believe and to pray as he wished gave every man the same right, and he never attempted and never sanctioned any attempt to curtail, in the least, that privilege and inalienable right of man. He was an American in the true sense of the word and he carried his Americanism into his religion. He recognized above all things that this country is based upon the total separation of church from state, and never would he encourage any endeavor to break down that fundamental principle of our government.

In matters of conversion he held most liberal views and, though he was ready to receive converts to Christianity in general and to his own Church in particular, he was not in sympathy with the many enterprises put forth to win men to the Church by winning them away from another religion. He believed that to persuade men, in any way to induce them to leave a religion in which they were born and to which their hearts clung and to which the hearts of

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their fathers and their mothers and their children clung, was not the true sphere of a missionary. He would take Christianity to those people who were entirely devoid of religion. To convert the barbarian, to convert the heathen, to convert the skeptic, to convert the agnostic, to convert the criminal, to convert any immoral man or immoral woman, because such have no religion, is the duty of a missionary thought Bishop Potter. He was not an aggressive Christian; he was in no sense an intolerant religionist; but he was more than tolerant: he was hospitable to all religions and invited them to his mind and to his heart. There are some good religious people who believe that in order to show their devotion to their own religion, they must be exclusive; they must be one-sided. Bishop Potter believed in inviting all religions to a common belief in the fatherhood of mankind. He was broad-minded and liberal enough to recognize all synods and ecclesiastical bodies and was patient enough to give a hearing to the claims of other religions and other churches besides his own.

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Basic to this attitude of his toward religion was his profound knowledge of the psychology of religious development. He knew and recognized that religion does not come to a man in a day, in an hour, in a moment, but that religion is the result of generation upon generation of spiritual heritage, plus home training and environment and the potent, irresistible influences of Sunday-school, Church, and society. A man's convictions in theology and habits of religious observance are fixed before his period of mental discrimination arrives; and when the mental forces do come that give him the power to analyze creeds and rites, then his soul is already held captive by sentiments and by ties which no amount of ratiocination can destroy. So thought Bishop Potter; and, believing that, he was entirely free from any taint of religious prejudice. To be antagonistic to a human being because of a difference in religion, to ridicule him, to hate him, to attack him, to persecute him was entirely foreign to the noble nature and character of Bishop Potter. Religious persecution seemed to him

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an abomination and a blasphemy. He was opposed to this clashing of the creeds, to the warfare of churches, to the historic battles of religions, and he devoted his life not merely to breaking down barriers that separated men into sects and hostile churches, but rather to creating a fraternity of churches; to bringing men together to see the light and the truth with their own minds and to love God with their own hearts.

To sum up his liberalism, not only in religion but in all directions, let me end with words that I have already used on another similar occasion: This ecclesiastical star has fallen out of our horizon, but the light that he has emitted has not been darkened, though its source has been cut off. The city has been benefited by his liberalism. Many institutions have profited through his liberality in their inception and development, and thousands upon thousands of human beings have been strengthened in mind, in heart, and in spirit by his words of beauty and of strength. The politicians have been brought up with a round

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turn, civic righteousness has been emphasized, patriotism has been stimulated; capital and labor have been taught to love one another; the rich and the poor have been admonished to respect one another. The clergy have been taught to live up to their standards of faith and of practice, and have been influenced in their lives by the industry, the dignity, the culture, the sweetness and the light that this man gave forth. Jew and Gentile have been taught to understand one another better. Religious prejudice has, in a sense, received its *coup de grace*; and the millennium, it seems to me, has been brought a little closer through the life and the work of this Vicar of Heaven, of this meteor that has passed.

The Chairman

RICHARD WATSON GILDER, who was associated with the work of the first Tenement House Commission which led to the enactment of the Tenement House Laws, is with us to-night, and has kindly consented to repeat the poem which he read at the memorial service to Bishop Potter, held recently by the Century Association.

The Warrior-Priest

BISHOP HENRY CODMAN POTTER

BY

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

HE was our warrior-priest, beneath whose gown
The mailèd armor took full many a dent
When, at the front, all gallantly he went,
In civic fight, to save the belovèd town;
Then did the proud, outrageous foe go down,
To shame and wide disaster swiftly sent,
Struck by his steel to flight—in wonderment
To see that calm brow wear the battle frown.
For he was courteous as a knight of eld,
And he the very soul of friendliness;
The spirit of youth in him lost never its power;
So sweet his soul, his passing smile could bless;
But this one passion all his long life held:
To serve his Master to the last lingering hour.

The Chairman

EVERY group that works primarily for its own interests (human society is necessarily divided into groups) lays itself open to criticism. Organized labor lies open to criticism, and its leaders will be the first to recognize this fact; yet, in judging of its achievements, intelligent students of social conditions agree that there has not been, that there is not in action to-day a force as potential as organized labor in reorganizing wisely and in the sense of fraternity, human society. That fact Bishop Potter recognized and was ever the steadfast friend, the wise counsellor of organized labor. There are delegates of the Central Federation of this city and of the Federation of Brooklyn here to-night as living witnesses to the friendship, comrade-

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ship that organized labor felt toward Bishop
Potter, and I have a message from President Samuel Gompers:

“I should, indeed, be glad to attend the memorial service to be held at Cooper Union on Sunday evening, December 20th, but circumstances beyond my control prevent. A movement for the social betterment of all the people had no stancher advocate nor more earnest worker than Bishop Potter. In the best sense he was a broad-minded man. His sympathy for the hard lot of his fellows was kind and deep; he was conscientious, straightforward, highly spiritual, and in the highest sense a profoundly religious man.

“It was my privilege to be thrown in contact with Bishop Potter and to know his eloquent pleas for justice, for social and moral uplift. His every word, his every act, was an effort and an appeal for a higher and better life for all.

“I again express my regret that circumstances are such as to prevent my being present to aid in the tribute in honor of the

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memory of so great and good a man, my
friend, the late Henry Codman Potter.”

SAMUEL GOMPERS,
President of American Federation of Labor.

We have with us as representative of
Samuel Gompers, of the American Federa-
tion of Organized and Unorganized Labor,
John Mitchell, late President of the United
Mine Workers of America.

John Mitchell

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In the death of Bishop Potter the wage-earners of our country lost a real friend and a conscientious and earnest adviser. It was my privilege during the past few years to have been associated with him in the work of the Industrial Department of the National Civic Federation, and during that time I learned to appreciate how fully he sympathized with the hopes, the purposes, and the aspirations of the poor. I learned to know how anxious he was to do something helpful in ameliorating their condition.

No words of eulogy that I might utter, now that he is gone, would be a higher tribute to him than is a telegram which I was authorized to send just prior to the great

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coal strike of 1902. This telegram was addressed to the Presidents of the Railroad Companies who controlled the production of coal in the anthracite fields. On the 8th day of May, 1902, I submitted "that a Committee, composed of Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Potter and one other person whom these two may select, be authorized to make an investigation of the wages and conditions of employment existing in the anthracite field, and if they decide that the average annual wages received by anthracite mine workers are sufficient to enable them to live and maintain and educate their families in a manner conformable to American standards and consistent with American citizenship, we agree to withdraw our claims for higher wages and more equitable conditions of employment." Had this proposition met the approval of the mine owners the anthracite coal strike, which cost you people of New York so much and which entailed so much suffering and hardship upon the mine workers of Pennsylvania, would have been averted. Organized labor had confidence in these men.

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We expected, of course, that for humanitarian reasons alone we would have secured some redress, but we also knew that their business acumen would have prevented them from giving to us any consideration to which we were not entitled.

Ever present in the mind of Bishop Potter seemed to be a living realization of the fact that the Divine Master Himself was a workman, a workman who felt and knew all the trials and hardships of the workmen of His day. This spirit is reflected in a letter addressed by Bishop Potter to the Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor, in which he said: "Too long has the Church suffered from that same suspicion of mind which has regarded social questions, the rights of the wage-earners, the protection of the poor, the succor of the needy, and the joint organization of labor as though they were questions, in the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, of secondary importance. He did not so regard them nor discuss them, and the picture which our Divine Master draws of social society constituted along the line

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of His Divine Gospel, are portraitures of a society in which mutual service and self-sacrifice were the underlying lines." This beautiful sentiment was expressed by Bishop Potter only a short time before his death, and of all his great work it will stand as the expression of a man who, though pre-eminent in his vocation, was ever mindful of the interests and the needs of that great body of men and women and children who were least able to protect themselves.

Organized labor was fortunate in having for its friend and adviser Bishop Potter. His presence and his counsel restrained the overimpetuous, just as it gave courage to the overtimid. His sympathy, his sympathetic co-operation gave strength and dignity to that great body of men and women who through the organizations of labor are trying to work out a noble destiny. Organized labor needs more Bishop Potters. We are not self-sufficient. The great powerful army of labor, organized now, is not of itself able to work out to a successful fruition the ideals for which it stands. We must have the sympathetic co-operation of all

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right-thinking people, and I repeat again that we were fortunate in having Bishop Potter as one of our real friends. It has been well said that a free man is one who lives in a country where there are no slaves; and the happy man is one who lives in a country where there is no misery; and I could not help thinking, when one of the previous speakers was addressing you, referring to some one who said Bishop Potter was at times depressed, that in my judgment, if Bishop Potter was ever unhappy, it was because he knew that others were unhappy.

The Chairman

BEFORE he became Bishop of New York, Dr. Potter was active as a public servant. From the period of his elevation to the Bishopric the conspicuousness of his station called upon him to serve constantly and he gave that service willingly according to his power. One who was associated with him in many fields of public service and who by the steadfastness, sincerity, and unselfishness of his own service has merited well of us all, Hon. Seth Low, will interpret this side of Bishop Potter's activity.

Hon. Seth Low

FELLOW CITIZENS: One sometimes chooses a text and then finds that his thought runs along a little different channel. I must speak to you to-night of Bishop Potter as I think of him; and if I do not completely cover the field of his public activity, at least you will get another light upon that man who loved the people and whom the people loved. I am very sure that as we have listened to one and another as they have spoken of him, we have been recalling to ourselves that familiar face and fine presence. But that does not mean that we think that the man himself has come to an end. That, however, is the best that we can do, for it belongs to the limitations of our human nature that we cannot image to ourselves a

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spirit without a body. . . . Yet we all know that it is the things that are seen which perish; it is the things that are not seen that are eternal. I want to present to you as vividly as I can, by one or two illustrations, some of the qualities of the character of Bishop Potter that seem to me to defy death. Very early in life he dedicated himself to the service of men in the ministry of the church. His services to the church of his choice are not our theme to-night; but I think that it does belong to our theme to show how he interpreted that service in his bearing toward his fellow men. I like to recall that on the afternoon of the very day on which he was consecrated as Bishop, he conducted a service at the Midnight Mission; and, on the Sunday following his consecration, he preached upon Blackwell's Island. So Bishop Potter, in the very first acts of his official life, seems to me to have claimed brotherhood with the fallen and the vicious and the afflicted. There was pity in his action, I have no doubt. That he was moved by profound sympathy for these unfortunate people, I have no doubt. That

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he believed it a part of the duty of a bishop I have no doubt. But I think there was in it, if I have read his character aright, in addition, that subtle something which I have called claiming his brotherhood with them; for we can only really help those with whom we are truly akin, and it belonged to the character of Bishop Potter to claim and not to disown such relationship.

I think we see the same trait illustrated by him in other ways. He was personally devoted to the work of the Church Institute for Seamen, because he realized that Jack was often forgotten; because he realized that on sea and land he was often oppressed. It was because he realized that the sailor was peculiarly exposed to that sort of indifference which is expressed in our proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind," that Bishop Potter gave a distinctly large part of his official activity to making provision in this seaport for better treatment of the sailors who land upon our shores. And so again he organized, as I remember, certainly he was very effective in the work of the Church Actors' Alliance. It is not so

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very long ago, you know, when very many Christian people looked upon the play actor as a man outside the pale; when large bodies of Christians looked upon it as a mortal sin to go to the theatre. Because Bishop Potter recognized behind all the fierce temptations of that profession the good men and the good women in it, the great opportunity for good ministry upon the stage, he organized this Church Alliance to say to the actors of the country, for it is a national organization, "the Church needs you and you belong to it just as much as any other men and women in the whole land."

Mr. Mitchell has spoken to you of his relations to organized labor, and behind those relations lay that same spirit of claiming brotherhood with the masses of the people.

I suppose that nothing he did subjected him to so much criticism as his relation to the subway tavern. Dr. Grant says that the relation was misunderstood, and that the Bishop never explained. I do not know myself what it was. I only know that he

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was cruelly criticised for the attitude that he took, and I know that the tavern which he hoped would be useful failed of its purpose. But Bishop Potter did not fail. He said, by his action on that occasion, that he was ready, in the interest of the masses of men who, for want of any better social opportunity, go to the saloons; he said to all of these men, whom so many of us forget too often, "I am ready to sacrifice my reputation, if I must, with the good Christian people of my own Church and of all the churches, if thereby I can show to you that I care." Bishop Potter did not fail! So I think we may fairly say of him that it was indeed, as that member of his family said, whom Prof. Sprague Smith quoted, the paramount trait in his character, not merely to recognize the brotherhood of man, but that that trait in his character was so active, that he sought to claim that brotherhood for himself from every creature in the world. It was not something that he was giving only; it was something that he was asking for.

Now I ask you to turn for a moment to

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his more public side. You will remember that he was the chosen preacher at the great service in St. Paul's Church, on Broadway, which was held during the exercises commemorating the centennial of this Republic. Present in his audience were the President of the United States and many of the chief officials of the land. Many preachers would have used the occasion simply for a review of what had taken place during the hundred years that were being celebrated; and Bishop Potter did not fail in that duty. But he recognized that as a preacher of righteousness he owed a higher duty to the American people, at that time and on that occasion; and so he smote the spoils system hip and thigh then and there in language that shook the land. From that day to this—before that day also of course—but from that day to this, steady progress has been made in the substitution of the merit system in the appointment to public office in the United States, as against the old system of dividing the spoils. Now Bishop Potter attacked the spoils system, not because it was a political contrivance;

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but because he saw, with the eye of the seer, that no country could endure based upon that sort of corruption. Because he saw that, and believed it to be a message from on high, he delivered it with the earnestness of a Prophet of God.

I think he did a similar service for the city of New York, when he wrote to Mayor Van Wyck the letter to which Dr. Grant has already alluded. It brought home to the people of the city in scorching language the city's shame. It struck with the smart of the lash the men who were responsible for the city's shame, and they quivered under it, because they knew that the moment that the people of the city of New York saw things as they were, that moment the things as they were would be overthrown. I count it a great piece of good fortune that the city of New York has, in Rabbi Wise, to-day, a man who does not fear to say to individuals who have short memories in regard to those days of shame, with all the fervor and with all the directness of an Israelitish Prophet of old, "Thou art the man."

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So the second quality in Bishop Potter that I ask you to think of, and to meditate upon, is that splendid patriotism, that sort of civic pride in nation, state, and city which St. Paul illustrated when he said that he was a citizen of Tarsus, "a citizen of no mean city"; that sort of citizenship that recognizes that the only enduring greatness, the only foundation for enduring greatness is righteousness; that sort of citizenship that will make no compromise with evil; that sort of citizenship that holds aloft always and everywhere the highest ideals of which we are capable. Those are the two thoughts of Bishop Potter on his public side that linger always in my mind; that active seeking for the recognition of brotherhood, and that burning patriotism that wishes to respect in order that it may love.

The Chairman

BEFORE I introduce President Booker T. Washington, I want to point out the fact that the dominant note to-night in the music has been the note of triumph, the note that should have been struck, and we fail to carry away the message of this meeting, the right record in memory, if this note of triumph does not continue to sound in us and inspire us, my brothers, with fuller faith in that brotherhood of man wherein we profess constant belief and, to a more complete consecration of personal service until that ideal shall be attained.

Every crime bears with it its atonement. Often the payment of that atonement is slow indeed. When the white race invaded the Dark Continent and carried off tens of

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thousands, hundreds of thousands of our dark-skinned brothers, landing only the tithe of them on our shores—the tithe that survived the carnage of the sword and the horrors of the passage in the hold of the slave ships—a crime was committed for which time and justice demand atonement. Had not these acts been committed, we should probably have developed as a homogeneous people. Because of that crime we are facing a grave race problem, one of the gravest of all social problems. How is it to be solved? Time is to solve it. Yes, but time works chiefly through human agencies, through the agency of the wise, the consecrated, through such men in the white race as William Henry Baldwin and Henry Codman Potter, and such men in the black race as Booker T. Washington.

Bishop Potter was, in a sense, born to the purple, to the dignity of family, to the dignity of station. Booker T. Washington was born to the shame of slavery that ignored and denied the dignity, the purity of the family relation; he was born to the estate of a bondman, but by the innate kingliness

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of his nature he has lifted himself until, to the glory of America, to the honor of all men, he stands to-day peer of the kingliest of the free born. He will speak to us of the service rendered his race by Bishop Potter.

Booker T. Washington

MR. SPRAGUE SMITH, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am most grateful to you, Mr. Chairman, and to the family of Bishop Potter for the privilege of having some part in this memorial service. I count it as a high and gracious privilege that my race should be thought of and in some degree recognized on this precious and holy occasion. The first time I had the privilege of meeting Bishop Potter was on this wise. I had entered the Hampton Institute in Virginia as a student after I had walked from my former home in West Virginia. I received my diploma after working my way through that institution, and on the day that I graduated Bishop Potter was upon the platform and heard my graduating address; and immediately

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after I had finished speaking (and I may add that I knew much more at that time than I know now) he came across the platform, took my hand, and said to me: "If you ever come to New York and want a friend, come in and see me," and to the day of his death Bishop Potter kept that promise. I not only had the gracious privilege of counting him as my personal friend but as the friend of my race. I had ample opportunity to test his friendship, to find out something of his deep and abiding interest in my race. From his constant contact with that great man General Armstrong, it was my privilege to receive on several occasions the gracious hospitality of his home; and I shall never forget how on one occasion, when I came to New York in quest of money, in quest of friends to carry on our work at Tuskegee, how I went to him and asked if he would not appear at a public meeting in Madison Square Garden Concert Hall and be one of the speakers.

I remember how he looked over his programme for the evening. He had already

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upon that programme two other engagements for that evening, but he said to me, "If the meeting lasts long enough, I will appear upon your platform," and I remember how at half-past ten in the evening, after a hard day's work and a still more severe evening's work Bishop Potter appeared upon that platform to speak for us.

The last time that I remember seeing him in a public gathering was in a meeting called to further the interests of one of the churches of my race in this city, and not the Church of his own special denomination; but I shall never forget how, after a busy Sunday morning, he came into this crowded little negro church, weary as he seemed to me in body, and how for an hour he poured out his great soul before that audience of colored men and women.

That represented Bishop Potter. I always found the advice which Bishop Potter gave to me concerning my race and concerning the affairs of Tuskegee Institute safe and sound. He was one of those rare men who, it seems to me, always kept his feet upon the earth; and it is a great thing for

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all of us, my friends, I do not care to what race or nation we belong, to learn to keep our feet upon the earth.

I like to keep in touch with real things, with real men, not artificial things, not with artificial men, and when I am at my own home in Tuskegee I never let a day pass by, if I can prevent it, without getting my hoe and my shovel and going out into my own garden and digging down into the soil. I like to be sure that once a day, or as often as possible, I am touching the earth — that I am touching the real thing; and as often as possible I like to leave the artificialities of the city life, with all its perplexities and temptations, and get back into the country, into the wilds and into the cabin of some farmer, where I am sure that I am in contact with a real man.

So whenever I touched Bishop Potter, whether in his home or whether on public occasions, I always felt that I was in touch with a real man; a man who was too large to be little; a man who was too high to be low. In him the negro race, ten million strong, always felt and always knew that

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it had a strong, consistent, and courageous friend.

In him the negro race always felt and always knew that it had a friend who was never afraid of losing his social status in the world by touching a member of a lowly or disadvantaged race; and in the last analysis I always find in my experience that the individuals who have real social position in the world are never afraid of losing that position by being kind to members of other races. It requires no courage, and no man knew that better than Bishop Potter, for a strong man to kick a weak man down, and no man realized more than did Bishop Potter that one man or one race cannot hold another man or another race down in the ditch without remaining down in the ditch with him. One of the advantages, if I may so describe it, of belonging to a disadvantaged race, as the world understands it, is the opportunity for the individual to study and to have the privilege of testing true greatness. The time and the place to study the real character, the real strength that an individual possesses, to find out

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whether he is a gentleman of the true type, is not to study him when he is in contact with those of his own race and with those who belong to his own social rank, but to know him when he is in contact with those whom the world considers beneath him.

Judged, my friends, by that test, the only test, the truest test of what a true gentleman means, Bishop Potter was one of the greatest souls I ever met. When in contact with him one forgot his creed, forgot his race, forgot everything except his consuming desire to serve his fellow-man. He had courage of the true kind in performing his duty. He did not stop to ask whether others would consider his actions proper; how the world would regard them; whether he would be popular. His one question, and by that he was always guided, as I knew him, was: "Is it the right thing to do?" and when Bishop Potter determined in his own conscience that a certain action was right, he performed that action, though all the world frowned. His memory to-night is too great, is too precious to be claimed by a single church, by a single city, by a single

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race; and my race, ten million strong in America, claims the right to have some part in cherishing and keeping alive the memory of Bishop Henry Codman Potter.

I do not like to think of him and to speak of him to-night as being dead, for in the larger and broader sense Bishop Potter is not dead. He lives to-night ! His influence is more powerful in this city, among my race, and throughout this country than it has ever been. True, we have in this country the habit of cursing our great men while they live and reserving a blessing for them after they have passed away; but men like General Samuel Chapman Armstrong, men of the type of Phillips Brooks and of Abraham Lincoln and Bishop Henry C. Potter do not die; and, my friends, throughout this country no group of people will revere his memory longer, nor be guided by his lessons, by his teachings, more truly; no group of people will be longer inspired, longer helped than will the ten million of black people in this country, and in their hearts he will always have a place, because in him the only test for any man, for any race, was

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whether or not that man, or that race, could be of service to the world.

To him, in the highest and broadest sense, a man whatever his race, whatever his creed, whatever his color, was always a man "for a' that and a' that."





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